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the beauty of life

the beauty of life is what cannot be expressed by words

the sense of something that is breathtaking in its beauty

what you see is the invisible

the beauty of the intangible

blessed

what a blessed life it is
thought we were never going to make it
through it all, we are still standing
having left anything to chances
all of this is the signs
reminding us to
to believe in good faith
to fight for the honor

what is love

love happens suddenly

love is connection, chemistry, comparability met in a time, place, and circumstance

as time shifts, so does love

love is commitment of making it work

a flower

flowers symbolize love

people give flowers in occasions as though flowers added colors to their loving moments

a flower on the ground looks delicate and elegant but is a strong and independent earthly object

each and every flower in the field is the shining one up to the sun

a flower's just waiting, patiently waiting

his romantics

waiting in a aloha t-shirt, smells like toothpaste for his first date

loves her home-made puddings the best

his voice on the phone somehow sounded like an old-aged person

bringing a ton of boxes of fruits and vegetables home every night

and he goes ‘i don’t always ride a taxi’

birthday, anniversaries, and christmas

his favorite worn-out pink t-shirt 356 days

floor’s tiptoe squeaking sound at 2 am

his nails are never cut-deep

bringing too many takeouts home on the weekend

and he adds ‘the car is the only treatment for myself’

birthday, anniversaries, and christmas

compass

back in the olden days,
always said that 'we talked', but we haven't really talked, have we
do you remember
truth be told, it was not a joke,
is it funny the way how things work
it's like compass
you are like mountain
not just making me want to be a better person,
but also letting me motivated for the better
conversation was everything
seeing something beautiful in you
having faith in you
your personality it represents,
your persona it embodies
cast a spell on me
you're scored on my heart

the idea of love

chemistry, connection, compatibility

how much do you love someone

how much do you really love someone

maybe you are in love with yourself being in love

maybe you are more loyal to yourself for all you care

a thousand faces on the surface

revisiting old stories, replaying a series of past moments

there was something there, inadvertently

there's still something close to the heart, seamlessly

stay with, come with

stay apiece, begin anew

for evermore

love is a riddle

to love, to lose

it hurts, it heals

how big and beautiful and greater

such a beloved, blessed love

synchronizing time in the eye of beholder

shining just as bright as the stars in the sky

true as it can be

ever as before

long it may continue

farewell

music swells

waltzing around, spinning 'round

a glance, an embrace with no ceiling

the swirling sky and silver shine inside a frame

the presence of sheer pinkness

beneath sunlit, sun-kissed wisteria

first to flower, first to fall

tribute

display a grin and head tilt, reading his text messages

smile that makes you melt

the love that you always hoped existed

a complete admiration

the greatest joy

fill our home with laughter and happiness

freshman of life

couldn't be a loser if you knew
guards are up when you offend
from zero to ninety-nine
nothings to extremes
all it takes once?
it's not built in a day?
the tough road is the experience
how much you take risks
how much throw yourself out there
all is freshman of life
we can learn together
you never be alone

satellite of love

every color in every shade
these glittering strands in milky way
catch your dream from the night
turn your head to the cries

the wonder of the ocean
the sound of waves crashing
sets the pace
puts motions in the waves

let the chips fall where they may
see your spirits soar

every emotion

found myself waving at the airport

caught myself in a *nightsky* motel

all those choices you made

all those promises you swore

it makes you feel every emotion

where does this notion come from

it goes and comes in motion

goes and comes back in motion

unspoken

you were not going to but did it anyway

you did not know until it happened

mistakes were better than regrets

not doing it would have been harder

choices were made

chances had been misplaced

truer words were never spoken

invisible

we outgrow into who you least expected to be
becoming who is above and beyond yourself
leaving people you cared about behind
even what used to be your sentimental value
looking your reflection in the eye
you'd be nothing if not sincere
you'd be a nobody

positivity & luck

playing with grains of sand in the playfield

washing hands, seemed as though the world revolves around you as your young self

they say, luck is where hardwork meets opportunity

it is easy to be seen, to be heard, to be noticed

not to seek the answers from others

or make someone realize what is

or even demand self-preservation

running in a circle over and over

on to the next steps all along

that's what makes you whole

it's blurry, and it's dull

but it's not blind

don't you see

the world at your feet

in the dark

a train of thoughts runs through flashbacks

passing random resemblance of sorts

crossing mixed dark sheer spreads of black and red

lingering sound of voice in disguise

hoping for the light of day

what meant to happen

the day it collapsed

this day it crashed

got right in the living moment as an event unfolds

aware of what it takes, it compensates

voice was not shaky

apologies had been made

would you have done the same if you got another chance to do it over again

things were unmanageable back then

taught you that you'd lost yourself

today, it was answerable

inevitable causes and outcomes

things it gets away with

intents on which it triggers

feelings are indescribable

symbols and reminders

mistakes you learn from

miracles faith leads

the identified patterns that repeat

things happen the way it's supposed to

what really counts, what you actually care

hard truth

neither a fake lie, nor a honest truth
borrowed time and chasing ghosts in a supposed conversation
says the implied inception
here comes the wind and the sun of a God's narrative
what do they value you for
manufactured ounce of tears, engineered crooked smile
that pretended voice it echos
here goes the same old songs and dance
what good is that gonna do
closet's skeletons falling down
frozen eyes melting away
leaving layers of unease
fluctuating a pal of secrecy
never ceased to,
somehow managed to,
another inning to have it in, the other calling have it out

home wonderland

heard the knock on a door but you said no
forgot the simplest rule of the world that you learned in a kindergarten
makes you freeze
difficult to float
kindest gesture touches and pushes you away
like two points at opposite sides go inverse and never crosses
little more fiction to sound real and true
didn't even notice they'd noticed
they say, 'nothing is perfect'
shook the head and thought it was more than perfect
tt's like wonderland

leap

an unleashed contrail in the doubling cloud
passing the fades of never-lasting phases
reversing into present acts in a rearview mirror
this winter came a month later
last year that felt like a twelve-year
a law of attraction and Aesop's fable
this moment, for the time being, let it stay like forever
transcending moments after moments that'd be washed away in a heartbeat
these transcendent petals so much as be a yesterday's news

golden childhood

a girl asks her mom, what does the world look like
she wonders if there'd be her story ever told
imagines a picture where bubbles flow slowly and pop up in a dream come true
'you are the most beautiful girl'
'you are going to jump high and become big'
every opportunity, every encounter
things happen for a reason
never forget the old water in a new pond
always need more space to grow in the pod
now you are walking down the road and see
flowers are smiling up,
there are birds as you look up,
the sky's blue as ever,
like every window opens up a whole new world for you

denial

a cry for help

lost in the city

‘we are in this together, right’

'nice to meet you

‘you look like really beautiful’

sorry for the mess

‘be humble’

thank you for the help

good bye, don’t want to be selfish now

sincerely

obedience

winter is coming

dark knight, tour de force

hard-fought, hard-won fights

rules that abide by

to follow the instruction, meet requirements

every trick in the book

only cards left to play

compensating your way through life in the eyes of God

there by the grace of God

oh Earth, fall on your knee

the Duty from the Universe running

people tell stories, stories that seem too familiar

it gets to a point where these stories sound too cruel, where it hurts

put in a position where you don't have a choice

writing, traveling, teaching

it walks, it runs

the train was moving faster

running through a rough spell

no one stands the chance

nothing is set in stone

thought to, out of intuition

it goes on

faithfulness

God is faithfulness

sins that don't give justice

feelings are blinding, behest of strangers

unsettling thoughts passing undercover

smiles across shades, wrinkles full of nuances

unmet eyes staring at one gray stain

fingers folding in between layers of silence

head descending into dark clouds

heart that bridges fleeting spirits

hand stretching out toward a silver lining

God forbid, sees where you've been

knows it, what would have made you different

and things that irrevocably don't work certain ways

something has to, or it runs out by its own

god is faithfulness, hereby

with fate in God's hands

we ask for mercy, for forgiveness

grand finale

banging head against the wall in preamble

in the vicinity to be swallowed up whole

pace keeps to crescendo at the near peak

“don’t care why you did it”, mentor mutters softly

need a plan but wonder if that’s some disappointment

mundane moments add up to the sublime

no matter how slow it goes, how long it takes

never loses faith that it shines through

tranquility

headless routine and bourgeois tradition
wake up to the soundless night, you stare
arduous journey, roaming cows
had full of holes on a black blanket, you held
departure and return
flames rose, still and unfathomable
just sitting there, idling
tantamount to conglomerate of things
had yet to explore

invisible girl

a private life

a kingdom of isolation

a lone wolf as ever

afraid to be seen

doesn't like obstructed exits

who wants nothing

who stops speaking

she's nobody, transparent, nonexistent

complexity

suffering and peace

holding breath, biting tongue

burnt in the pain of the past

frozen in fear

made you numb, got paralyzed

felt relieved for not having to abandon

fight to be right

breaking dawn

breaking free

the sense of an ending

knowing it is ending to the haze of blooms

every moment is a window on all time

a myriad of proses as the fruit of a thousand years

new magic of a dusty world in surge

leapt the rich meadows of youth

crept senses in a clatter of innocence and purity

like perishing in the polar night

long voyages, incarnadine discoveries

a impossible anguish on a faded grandeur

the star calls us forward

heaven

song of hope, song of life
day's phosphorescent sunlight
stand on your presence
pulling you miles away
filled the sea with the flood of tears
how could you possibly imagine
this is just before the story

song to sing, hymn to hum
night's incandescent sunset
your presence fills your eyes
pushing through the darkness still another mile
watched the ship of dreams washed away
things that cannot possibly be explained
the story's just begun

unfinished song, unexpressed love
we are indebted to our memory
this is the sanctity of human spirits
paradox of bigotry, euphoria of absolution
cope with our grief, sew up our wounds
the dying star finally returns
stars burn brightest right before they die
like God puts an angel on us

the luckiest one alive

thy grace, let it shine

on earth as it is in heaven

the essence of nature

aristocratic aberrations, damaging absolutes of society
hypocrisy against heroism
rampants of volatile feud, scouring off with left-handed contrition
surrendered, without a trace of rusted iron
wretched, bewitched by, debauched down
the air wafts cold on skin, molten up though spin
unearths the unknown
brawling river, the pine scent

fears in fantasies, torment in agony
virile women versus feminine men
bouts of sipid vengeance howling through revelation
summoned the nature, the constant nurture
it constrains, consumes, doggedly, dismally
a cloud of obscure fog covers at midday
one's gain in dying
up mirrors in odd corners holistic wonder
a long-lost sister, a tell-tale heart
a delinquent teen, the docile daughter
woman in white, saviors' sacrifice
victorian houses, bohemian bubble
pretty little thing, deep dark woods
run beneath the sun, on the banks below
power for powerless, dangerous or in danger

flown like a kite, thrown like a rugghost
spirits that repel, shadows cast over
a blade in the fan perpetuates perfectly
haunting like mirror, hoarding out
dysfunctional dynamics that roam emotions
walking along that raised ridge without falling

kinetics

a rite of raging passage

the trail of collapsed events

through pure conformity

through the filtered kaleidoscope

alternating nights of freedom

the feeling you can't simulate

who turns potential energy into kinetic

cartographer to explorer

elysian

the dolorous state that it followed

clinging to the emotional scraps

irreparable demolition of own volition

unabridged chaos of Godliest gift

the unwilling resin left in the wake

completion

a two-bit dreamer, recreating your original

nestling birds, small yearlings

August's mother as loving God

gaping silence, entrenched tide

a collective colony gathers for the Father

ordained by a vengeful quest for power

thou wilt thwart for solace

omnipotent is Lord and Savior

deliberate subversion is of paramount importance

e'er the Sun sets, ne'er forsaketh

the ship disembarks

it all completes

oblivion

a dying star

a shout into the void

the vaguely pedophilic endures affliction

in the midst of a grand soliloquy

hamartia, a fatal flaw

inexorable decline, plateaued

fated to obliterate

is a grenade to explode

some infinities that are bigger than other infinities

sovereignty

how it must feel

deposing monarch

the lord of light

dodging the imperial fleets

when the sun rises

flaunting excesses

head on a spike

unbowed in rebellion

reforms of the flesh

suspecting intrigue

fearing revolt

transpired contumaciously

Gods be good

'tis windmill of night watch

the siege, verges on

befalls the realm

the guiding light

usurper's exile

was a lethal battle

excelsior to manifest

epitomizes religiously

delaying prelude

derailed, mea culpa

deer caught in headlights

cross the guiding light

the moth

orlando, the moth

wooden and stilted in a fjord

seething contempt in stupefaction

boundaries, the beginning

secrecy, the security

absolute singularity on pillars of atomics

in the throes of Godless mess

amour

nature has cunning ways of finding our weakest spot
try too much to be healed of things faster
thirties come around the corner like a garbage truck at five am
less to offer, each time we start with someone new

the river flowing is not that all things are changing
some things stay the same only by
hearts and our bodies are given to us only once
while these places and people are getting old

everything and nothing to do with intelligence
to make yourself feel nothing so as not to feel anything
only if you knew how little you know about the things that matter
remember it all too well

soul

soul swooned slowly

when all the lights that lead us there are blinding

snow falling faintly through stillness

the descent of their last end

gaily soars 'neath the sparkling sun

upon all the living and the dead

solo

an old man told you a late bloomer
a mere child sensation
like the flowers need the rain
as though it was a sunbeam
better die alive, to strive
to seize the day, to find a way
sometimes you make choices
sometimes choices make you
still waiting for the other shoe to drop
what in the world could make it worthwhile

a hollow warhorse
a staggering partner in crime
to share your artfulness
with every note you play
change to the major chord
listen and follow the score
it could be one in two
could be one in a trillion
it's time to face the music now
why is it that any one decision seems too insignificant

c'est la vie

as fate would have it

the collar peaks over at the apex of Godly virtuosity

melts prejudice with enviable ease

reciprocates through indefatigable barriers

a bygone era spearheads

insurmountable odds forge

heretofore God sheds His grace on convictions

hero

jaded, your coattails being ridden upon
his cape was beat and shot down
self-loathing, trapped in dire minefields
in a divine haven, he holds dear
musketeering on singular invincibility
with fierce civilized humanity
prometheus, the clever cut
ad astra, the true north

stay

a probable romance in one respect

fell death-defyingly in love

lost a lifelong battle of defiance

rigorous honesty brings solace

the ways eyes fix and hold gaze

it's a way of seeing, of knowing

the trace of the past you yearn

embers, a-dim, shall duly flame

Earth incarnate is where home is

the end is where we begin

love is here to stay

believer

in your quiet reflection,
you believed but you doubted
you thought that's where you were meant to be
or something that you were supposed to do
but you weren't
almost forgot the fascination, sparks you once felt
the stars you hadn't yet reached
about to give up and lose hope
hallelujah, at the mercy of God

if you were to, what would you do
the helm you hold tight
infinite horizon ahead
cutting the wind, cross the horizon
the trajectory on shorelines
to steer the ship

at night you awake,
imagined but you weren't sure
things you would have, or you could have
you feared to fail, died but never had
never met the ground
you thought you had it all figured out,
soul-searching on the journey you wonder

yet grounded, looking forward and upward
there, in the silver lining

if there was, what would it be
to the point you reach
signs you see
paving the way, follow the path
on distinction and honor
to serve the purpose

connect the dots to make a line
let the missing pieces fall into places
stands the test of time it attests
so stars cross and souls align
makes you realize how precious
every second we have on this Earth is
the people we care about are to us

this is what we are born to be
we can only imagine
we may be parted but we still believe
we believe in people and places
we are believers

End of Manuscript